The Northumberland

GARLAND.

11621.c.2
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Containing four excellent

NEW SONGS.

I. The young Ladies Love for the *Northumberland* Grenadiers
II. *Peggy Bond.*
III. *The* Anſwer.
IV. *Britons* Conqueſts.

Licenſed and Entered according to Order

The Northumberland GARLAND, &c

Northumberland GRENADIERS.

WAS there ever a Girl at the Age of Nineteen,
Was ever to croſt as I lately have been,
I know not I vow any harm I have done,
But my Mother has told me ſhe'll have me a Nun.
I know not I vow any Harm I have done,
But my Mother has told me ſhe'll have me a Nun.

It is a great Pity ſuch a young Girl as I,
Should be ſent for a Nun, for to faſt and to cry,
And if ſhe's in earneſt then from her *I'll* run.
And be married in ſpite, for I'll not be a Nun, &c.

We march'd into *Berwick* by the beat of the Drum,
To ſee *Northumberland* Grenadiers the Girls all did run,
And when they found that we were not to ſtay,
They invited us all for to come and drink Tea, &c.

To leave your poor Mothers you all ſeemed glad,
For to go with a Soldier you all will run mad;
So pack up your Cloths and let's march out of Town,
For drums beats the General to *Alnwick* we're bound.

We marched on the road with our Powder and Ball,
With our Firelock, Courtements, Broad-ſwords and all,
And if that the King he ſhould us command,
We are ready to ſerve him by Sea and by Land, &c.

As

As we march'd on the Road ſo merrily we'll ſing:
We're *Northumberland* Grenadiers, long live the King,
So pack up your Clothes and let's march out of Town,
The Drums beats the General to *Alnwick* were bound,
So pack up your Clothes and let's march out of Town,
The Drums beats the General to *Alnwick* were bound.

Peggy Bond, an Excellent New Song.

AS I was walking o'er *England's* Hills,
To a Farmer's Houſe I came,
The Night being wet and ſomething late,
I entered in the ſame.
Then I became a Courtier then;
A pretty Girl I eſpied,
She asked if had got a Wife,
But my marriage I denied.

I courted her, the live long Night,
And part of the next day,
Then ſmiling ſhe ſaid unto me,
Along with you I'll go.
For *Ireland* is a bonny Place,
And bonny Men there's in;
And I will go along with you,
The world for to begin.

Then ſupper being over,
And all Things gone to Reſt;
Says the good Man to his Wife,
Be kind unto your Gueſt;
For this Courtier is an *Iriſhman*,

And an *Iriſhman* ſo brave,
And if he ſtays in our Country,
Our Daughter he ſhall have.

The Night being paſt,
And the Day being come,
To a Parlour I was tane,
The good Man puſhed mein,
If I would marry his Daughter *Jane*;
Full fifty Marks I will give thee;
Beſides a Piece of Land,
No ſooner had he ſpoke theſe Words,
But I thought on my *Peggy Bond*.

I took of my Hat moſt kindly then,
And ſaluted every one,
Eſpecially that pretty Girl,
That's tired with lying alone,
My Buſineſs calls for me,
The Kings Meſenger I am bound,
I cannot be your ſon in law,
Until I ſee the *Iriſh* Ground.

With my Hat in my Hand moſt courteously
I parted with each one,
But eſpecially that pretty Girl,
That's left alone to mourn.
I put on my Hat and came away,
But ſtill my Mind runs on,
How blithe and merry was the Day,
I had with *Peggy Bond*.

Peggy Bond is my Jewel,
My Heart lies in her Breaſt,
Altho' we're at a Diſtance,
I love her ſtill the beſt,
Altho' we're at a Diſtance,
And the Seas betwixt us roar,
I'll conſtant be to *Peggy Bond*;
So adieu for ever more.

PEGGY BOND's *Anſwer.*

DRAW near all you faithful Shepherds,
Give Ear to what I ſay,
Encore it from your oaten Reeds,
And be your Song I pray:
Though my *Jemmy* is a Rover,
And roves in foreign Land,
Yet he is a faihful Lover,
Unto his *Peggy Bond.*

All People they did admire him,
He was ſo neat and trim,
He is both tall and handſome too,
Well ſhaped in every Limb.
A ſcottiſh Lady did adore,
And offered him her Hand,
But he ſlighted all her Proffers,
For his dear *Peggy Bond.*

My Heart it is ſafe lodged in,
The Boſom of my Swain,
And I hope he'll happy Tidings bring,
That we may meet again;

For *Jemmy* he is my true Love,
And for ever ſhall be ſo,
I never intend to change him,
Till the Tide forgets to flow.

Till the loſty Lark and Linnets
Forget their Notes to ſing,
Till Eaſter it comes to Chriſtmas,
And all-ſaints in the Spring:
Till the Fiſhes forſake the Ocean,
And ſwims upon dry Land,
To him I will prove diſloyal,
But never until then.

How blithe and merry is my Heart,
At Return of my Swain,
And ſince we've been ſo fortunate,
We'll never part again;
But we'll happy live together,
Like Turtles in the Spring,
The Shepherds they all ſhall crown him,
With Mirtles for their King.

Come all you pretty Maidens,
That round me now do ſtand,
Be true unto your Lovers,
Like unto *Peggy Bond*.
Then you'll happy live together,
When you are join'd Hand in Hand,
For I do love my *Jemmy*,
And he loves his *Peggy Bond*.

BRITAINS Conqueſt.

IN Story we are told,
How our Monarch's of old, O'er

O'er *France* ſpread their royal Domain,
But no Annals can ſhow,
Their Pride's laid ſo low,
As when *George* the Third does Reign, brave Boys.
As when *George*, &c.

Of *Roman* and *Greek*,
Let *France* no more ſpeak,
How their arms the Old World did ſubdue,
Through the Nations all round,
Let our Trumpets now ſound,
How *Briton's* have conquer'd the new brave boys,
Through the Nations, &c.

Eaſt, *Weſt*, *North*, and *South*,
Our Cannon's loud Mouth,
Shall the Right of our Monarchs maintain,
On *American's* Strand,
Amherſt limits the Land,
Boſcawen gives Law on the Main, brave Boys,
On *American's*, &c.

Each Port and each Town,
We'll ſtill make our own,
Cape Breton, *Crown Point*, *Niagar*,
Guadaloupe, *Senegal*,
Quebec's mighty Fall,
Still prove we have no Equals in War, brave boys
Guadaloupe, &c.

Though *Conſtans* did boaſt,
He'd conquer our Coaſt,

Our

Our Thunder ſoon made Monſieur mute,
Brave *Hawke* wing'd his Way,
Then bounc'd on his Prey,
And gave them an *Engliſh* Salute, brave Boys.
Brave *Hawke*, *&c.*

At *Minden* you know,
How we conquered the Foe,
While Homeward their Army now ſteals,
Though they cry *Britiſh* Bands,
Are too hard for our Hands,
Begar we can beat them at Heels, morblieu,
Though they cry,d, *&c.*

While our Heroes from Home,
For Laurels now roam.
Should the flat-bottom Boats now appear,
Our Militia ſhall ſhow,
That no Woden-ſhoe'd Foe.
Can with Freemen in Battle compare, brave boys,
Our Militia, *&c.*

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Our Fortunes and Lives,
Our Children and Wives,
To defend is the Time now or never,
Then let each Volunteer,
To the Drum-head repair,
King *George* and *Old England* for ever, brave boys.
Then let each, *&c.*

F I N I S